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JAN 17 1914



# N I G H T :

A POEM.

IN TWO PARTS.

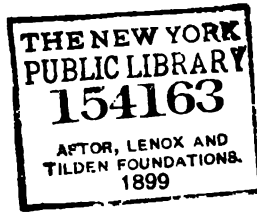
Rev. Ralph Mayt

Φείδω δε παντων, οτι σα εστι δασκοντα φιλόψυχων.

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NEW YORK:  
ALEXANDER V. BLAKE, 77 FULTON STREET.

1845.



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## PART I.

Yon faithful leader of the starry hosts,  
Pours from his silver urn reversed a ray,  
That striking to the heart's remotest depths,  
Stirs the calm well of feeling. Thought alarmed,  
Like to a bird that on the waters sits,  
Starts listening and plumes his wing for heaven.  
The hour consecrate to thee, bright watcher !  
As purest vestal, whose the holy task  
To lead the sacred lamps celestial  
Around the couch of sweetly dying day.  
The twilight hour ! of all her sisters she  
Best loved of man : not garish vain and false,  
As day's deluded followers ; nor yet  
With mantle wrapped and gloom of Night's dull  
mourners,  
But cheerful still and modest in her joy :  
For ever thus, sweet cherisher ! thy lover pay  
With meekest looks and thoughts of tenderest hue.



Calm breathes this time of virtue loving eve :  
 From out the distant azure, of the sky  
 Come one by one the glistening eyes of Night.  
 The world, its pride and hollow passions all,  
 Its pomp that lives but in the noon-day sun,  
 Its mighty business, bustling yet how vain,  
 Shrink from the serene gaze of those pure watchers ;  
 Or some holy spell, in mercy long vouchsafed  
 To our sad race, lives in the shady skirts  
 Of jewel-tired Night, and falls with that  
 Upon the o'erburdened sense of human care.

Thou Night, who lead'st with thee the sable hours  
     along,  
 The musing thought and melancholy brow,  
 The feeling heart, too often pierc'd with wrongs  
 And touched with many sorrows not its own ;  
 O Night ! who giv'st our eyes, that through the day  
 Were blind, to look out on the universe ;  
 Who mak'st the human spirit, that dull clod,  
 That through the gaudy hours, dull or dark,  
 Desponding, lost, with newer hopes to breathe  
 The life of freedom in thy fresher air :  
 Kind nourisher of all good thoughts that lie

Deep in the soul, and feeble virtue's nurse,  
 That grown beneath the glittering stars, and fed  
 On heavenly dews, doth come at last to walk  
 The open day—Awake for me thy power :  
 For me a stranger to the charmed ground  
 That poets tread, where all the Muses haunt  
 The purple flowering mead and groves that shade  
 Pierian spring. Beneath the green oak hung  
 Their golden harps, whence oft immortal strains  
 Ravishing the ear, his tuneful skill have taught  
 The trembling son of song. For me unblessed,  
 Nor worthy to be blessed, no chiming goddess takes  
 Her Dorian lyre down. But thou, fair Night,  
 Who visitest alike the innocent child,  
 Or wakeful eye that tears forbid to sleep,  
 And draw'st at large thy ample curtain round  
 The common world ; where now thy thick strewn path  
 The glowing arch doth turn, low at thy feet  
 Fain would I gather wisdom's pearls, than all  
 Of earthly things, than gem or chrysoprase  
 More worth to me ; more worth than treacherous gold  
 Or the blood rubies of the gorgeous day.  
 . Oft from my chamber at the silent hour,

Watching by stealth beside a sleeping world,  
 I hear the notes of ill. Through the dead street,  
 Where summer keeps her breathless night, the sound  
 Of waterfall, with measured booming tells  
 The sands slow falling, and each stirring leaf  
 Its echo hath. In this uncumbered time  
 The hearts of men do speak, or then are heard ;  
 Then the still prayer that noisy day had drowned,  
 May reach the sky, and misery's languid voice  
 That long unheeded and alone had cried,  
 Again be heard. The majesty of crime  
 Walks in the gaze, unsheltered and disrobed,  
 Of some all-seeing eye. Justice hath torn  
 The bandage from her brow, and every wrong  
 And every ill its bold accuser hath.  
 While plaintive sounds that weary wretches make,  
 Trouble the air, and move the fearful breast  
 Like tones of music ; far with deeper bass  
 The moaning sea responds ; but farther yet  
 The woes of man his listening brother reach,  
 Attentive to the scene, this wonderful night  
 Reveals ; to signs that live but only then  
 When wisdom falls around like shedding dews,

That e'en the night-wandering feet may gather.  
 Through the still round of far predestin'd time,  
 In solemn pace those shining armies march ;  
 The pulse of nature beats ; and on the ear  
 Of some confiding heart the moving spheres  
 Harmonious fall, while friendly silence reigns,  
 And through the wood and o'er the sleeping plain  
 Breathes the lorn spirit of the western wind.

This seeming earth with flowers deck'd and trees,  
 Pellucid streams and golden-crested hills,  
 Far-shining cities, palaces, and domes ;  
 Its painted landscapes, touched with hues of light  
 Prolific, or with melodies o'erflowed,  
 Soft gales and birds or flowing waters give :  
 This traitor earth, that like a courtier smiles,  
 And like a courtier 'neath its spangled vest  
 Sharp poison hides ; o'er all this cheerful scene  
 That wins our love and well deserves our tears,  
 Pain walks a monarch ; gloomy-hearted Pain  
 With joy's fair tendrils twines his venom'd branch.  
 Thou easy man, with praise and lucre fed,  
 That lov'st to see thy crescent fortunes fill,  
 And well thyself art unconcerned to know

How many of thy natural fellows eat  
 The bread of tears ; still shivering in the shade  
 Of time's great dial, ne'er to feel the sun :  
 This night beneath those unrevolted stars,  
 Hold now thy ear to earth—the birds of heaven,  
 The clamorous day, the piping winds are still ;  
 But sorrows like the hum of angry bees,  
 Despairing, low, come o'er the spectral land  
 To tell thee this false world is foul with wrongs,  
 And thou, e'en thou, accomplice in the crime.

E'en now the gale that stirs this humid air,  
 Is wet with sighs and tears that rise to Heaven,  
 Despatched (how vain) to sue for mercy there.  
 Gay-hearted sufferers ! such are not to me  
 The sounds I love the most ; for I am of you :  
 Lay but the Master his cold hand on me,  
 Press but these chords, and lo ! what plaintive airs !  
 Running through all my compass. Judge me true  
 A sharer in your lot ; partner with all  
 Of human kind, the common nerve of life  
 That knits all nation, country, race, in one,  
 Need make us comrades as in fortune joined ;  
 Each bound to each, and one to all, then why

Less sad for others' sorrows than my own ?

And chief for you, ye roving wanderers  
 O'er heath and field, or in the city's walk,  
 Who live on earth, and yet no portion have  
 Of all its goods ; nor actors in the scene  
 That wants not you to fill its busy parts.  
 Hard by the stream of life ye pass, and yet  
 Not on it ; patient to draw the drift-wood  
 To your banks, and wandering straws, but ye  
 No sail may spread the favoring breeze to catch  
 And prosper on the tide. Long since or late,  
 Through fault of pilot, or in stress of storms,  
 Your bark hath wrecked itself and fortunes too.  
 For you, ye shiftless brothers of the clan,  
 Bleeds many a heart, for houseless as ye are,  
 And beat by winter's rains and numbed with cold,  
 Reaping contempt where ye would ask for bread,  
 Keen hunger numbs you more ; but worse than all  
 These woes reflected in the hearts ye love,  
 The tearful wife and infants mute with pain,  
 Redoubled are and own no comfort here.

I know thee not, thou sightless man of years,  
 Sitting with staff, and silent, hat in hand,

From morn to noon, from noon to dusky eve,  
 Like to thy own ancestral Jew, beside  
 The temple's porch ; where o'er thy head appears  
 The soldier Paul in spiritual armor clad,  
 Who says, or seems to say—comfort the poor :  
 But there this tithe of years no eye hath missed  
 Those darkened orbs, more eloquent than words,  
 And patient face, in wet or dry the same,  
 Craving of alms, and then thanksgiving too,  
 As if thy withered heart had yet a pulse.  
 Friendless, through all these weary years thou'st  
     marked  
 Each day, the bells that top thy chapel strike,  
 The sands slow ebbing from thy broken glass ;  
 And friendless still. How many yet remain,  
 Wayfarer none may tell ; but, sooth I see  
 Thy frosty top, thou art so near the sky,  
 Like a high mountain head, is white with snow  
 The whole year round. Soon Time his knell shall  
     ring,  
 To end thy journey, brother : Heav'n be kind to thee.  
     Beside the sick man's couch the live-long day  
 Pale anguish sat ; but torment worse than this

The weary watch of night's desponding hours.  
 Perchance the taper set hath dimly shed  
 Uncertain light, now flickering faint and low,  
 As is the breath it tends, or brushed by wing  
 Of wandering moth, from chest and wall obscure  
 As if with life the growing shadows move :  
 Gaunt forms and threat'ning, rude, unearthly shapes,  
 To his believing eye that waits for death.  
 Yet if the watcher tick not, fatal sound,  
 The thoughts of life like withered flowers lie  
 Dead at his heart, while through the vivid brain  
 Regretted deeds and days unwisely spent,  
 Unquitted kindness or remorseless wrongs,  
 Now known for crimes that once were seeming so,  
 Gather from all the past, a stern array  
 Of vengeful sprites ; each fleshless orbit turned,  
 O poignant sorrow, worse than murderer's dream,  
 To chide with looks and strike the sufferer home.  
 Looks sharper far than are the body's pangs,  
 To this poor soul that well resigned to sleep  
 In safe oblivion, so that sleep were sure,  
 Quaffs deep of bitterness unfelt till now.  
 Sweet mercy, dearest of the cherub train,



Dost veil thy tears when Justice speaks ; descend  
 Swift from thy seats beneath the sapphire throne,  
 And drop thy sheltering pinion here.

O'er the still earth Night throws her covering shade,  
 While far at sea the pilot walks unseen  
 His lonely deck ; to mark by chance where now  
 O'er the clear horizon Orion drags  
 His jewelled bands. Within the city's bound  
 The traveller rests. Night's faithful guardian,  
 Faithful to old accustomed pleasing use  
 Of all his race, when through the drowsy street,  
 No cry of dogs is heard, nor human voice  
 Nor human eye is near, e'en slumbers too ;  
 For virtuous sleep hath scattered poppies round,  
 And drenched the air with anodyne. Behold  
 How nature's rest assuages mortal care—  
 Yon broken mother weeping for her child,  
 Too early ravished from her yearning breast ;  
 Ere the mid watch is past some gentle hand  
 Hath pressed her eyelids, dried the burning tears  
 And stayed till morrow's sun her pain. Alas,  
 Not always so kind Nature's balm distils  
 On aching hearts, nor soothes with sweet oblivion

The spirit's bleeding sorrow. One there is  
 Whose weak limbs tottering 'neath their weight of wo,  
 Weary with labor, more with age, for years  
 Have passed with her into the fallen leaf;  
 Asks not of gentle night luxurious rest,  
 As little sues the unrepentant ear  
 Of Charity, though oft by hunger pressed  
 And cold : these wants are wants no more to her  
 Who bears a living grief. Oft when the veil  
 Of middle darkness shrouds her errand best,  
 Stealing through lonely suburbs undismayed,  
 To neighboring fields she strays ; where one more  
     course,  
 The public ground, unconsecrate, defiled  
 By beastly hoofs and gross irreverent sports,  
 Gives to the dying stranger humble rest,  
 And poverty its house too close to crime.  
 O'er one sad grave, with painted head-board graced,  
 And rudely fenced with straggling sticks, she bends  
 To kiss the conscious earth and plaintive shed  
 Perennial tears. Oft with the seasons' round,  
 She plucks the crimson thistle flower, [for none  
 More delicate than this, the waste affords,]

To deck the weedy mound ; and oftener still,  
 Unwatched by all save yonder twinkling stars,  
 On trembling knees she breathes an earnest prayer  
 For one, whose only guilt was suffering :  
 Whom Heaven in mercy sent and man destroyed.  
 O hapless mourner, hurt in spirit thus,  
 Well did'st thou place the thorny flow'ret there ;  
 Fit emblem of the path the wretched tread,  
 Of bleeding feet by cruel fraud ensnared,  
 Like her its beauteous crown dismantled, torn,  
 The winged part with other life impregn'd,  
 Springs to the airs of heaven. For thee, fair girl,  
 Its truthful motto solemn meaning tells,  
 God's creatures none may wrong nor rue the deed.

In gloomy lands where hateful Power rears  
 Its form more threatening than the sulphurous cloud,  
 Blasting with fire and storm the ripened year ;  
 Or like to some huge idol, old and grim,  
 That on the sands of Nile, or where unveiled  
 The gods of India watch the sacred plain,  
 Draws o'er the country far its shadow round  
 And chills the air : in these sad realms oppressed,  
 Where iron rule its stubborn hand hath set,

Oft on the careless heart unthinking ill,  
 In mid-day walk, or 'neath the harmless hour  
 Of night, forgetful of the day's alarms,  
 Falls the quick bolt that strikes but once, nor strikes  
 In vain, the hopes of life ; its flowers and thorns  
 Alike destroyed, the trembling virtues pale,  
 And genius cowering hides his shrunken flame.

For thee, fair clime, so near the sunny south,  
 The clustering vine its glossy ringlets spreads  
 Unfearing ; bathes the naked child, its limbs  
 In all thy tepid airs, while lightful mirth,  
 For pastime flitting 'tween the hearts that love,  
 Dimples the cheek or warmer lustre sheds  
 From the young mother's eye. The gliding snake,  
 The rabid tiger nor its cruel young,  
 Strikes terror there ; what time in shady woods,  
 The sweet lass wanders innocent as free,  
 Wild flower gathering decks her mother's hair.  
 Now from the height, with fancy's eye that roves  
 On wings light feathered from the sable down  
 Of listening night, of white topped Simplon old,  
 Or where the Brenner shoots his burning spire  
 High in the air, with saddened heart I view

Thy plains and glittering domes afar ;  
 And thee, Ticino, murmuring on thy way,  
 Faint notes of sorrow for thy garden land,  
 Whose crimson streams and trodden meadows mourn'd,  
 When Freedom struggling, pierced with mortal  
                   wounds,

Fled from its fields to worthier climes, and left  
 The Sforzas' home to foreign swords a prey.

E'en now beneath those Dacian towers stern,  
 Where the black bird of empire wounds his foe,  
 Pines noble spirit that loved its country well,  
 And oft had wept her wrongs, and once had set  
 Good life and fortunes on the hazardous die,  
 That turned against her : e'en now in dungeon pines  
 Where not the golden light of day, nor yet  
 The moon's reflected beam, familiar is ;  
 Nor the pure gales of heaven, freshly breathed  
 From snow-crowned waves, nor sight of fields and  
                   groves,

With flowery verdure dressed and tuneful birds,  
 Blest charmers of the earth. The prisoner wears,  
 Unvisited by these, his lonely grief ;  
 Unvisited by all save yon sweet star,

Of night. She slow wandering up the cope of heaven,  
 Where first the silent prayer hath some time reached,  
 Drops from the zenith on his living tomb  
 A kindly ray. Severed from all the wealth  
 His nature owned ; from wife and children dear,  
 Now wandering forth or scattered o'er the waste,  
 Like the cold ashes from his broken hearth,  
 Pants the thick breast for air, the heart for love  
 Of kindred far. From friends and comrades true,  
 From all his kind that gentle pity knows,  
 Or minds for him the brotherhood of ill ;  
 From life itself exiled, for what is worth  
 The cheerful sense with airiest pulses hung,  
 Without or light or air : this being what  
 With all its gushing streams of tenderness,  
 Dry as the fountain of a dead man's tears,  
 To him who fastened to his narrow cell,  
 Unplagued by crimes, but tortured to the quick  
 By wrongs that sting him worse than adder's tongue,  
 Combats disease, or heart expiring now  
 And sorrows waning with the life they kill,  
 Faint whispers to the unwilling ear of death ?

O Liberty, ethereal child of Heav'n,

Light-stepping creature of the rarest mould,  
 O'er mount, o'er plain, in lonely forest shade  
 Where rose and violet deck the turf moss-grown,  
 Bends not the flower 'neath thy airy tread.  
 Free as the wild winds gaily careering,  
 O'er the blue sea, or bird with carol blithe  
 That greets the morn, and fair thou art as free.  
 Man ever changeful as the varying light,  
 That wears by turn a thousand wanton dyes,  
 For love of thee is true; fixed only there  
 And firm to win, if mortal strength may so,  
 Or else heart-broken, spiritless he pines,  
 And love out-living hope, without thee dies.  
 Friend of my race, the only good I crave,  
 The only good I have, still be thou mine:  
 Still from the tyrant's lash, the tyrant's law  
 My ungalled limbs preserve; far, far from me remove  
 The manacle that wounds the shrinking flesh,  
 The spirit more; the withering glance, the eye  
 Severe to palsy as it strikes the slave.  
 Shield me from all the myriad forms accursed  
 Oppression wears: from all that misery takes  
 Of scorpion wrongs, or poisonous fraud that kills

Life and its goods, the heart and all its hopes,  
 Flowers that bloom but once, but once can die.  
 From mobs and kings alike the fearless 'soul  
 Secure; unfettered thoughts, the upright will  
 Unknowing shame; not taught to cringe to one  
 Or fawn on many: crushed not to earth  
 Beneath the generous lion's paw, nor stung  
 By vermin. Armed for the foe, nor let me be  
 A thrall to self: from passion's darts defend;  
 From secret wrongs the injured bosom free;  
 Thou trusty sentinel of treasures rich and rare,  
 That none may guard but thee, O save me yet  
 The solid mind, the conscience void of ill,  
 To serve good Heaven, Liberty, and thee.

There fell, 'tis said, from out the ancient heavens  
 A burning star upon the springs of life,  
 And there be many die of bitter waters.  
 The ills that fence our mortal heritage,  
 As forest leaves that strew the rustling hills,  
 Or ocean's armed crests that thickly swarm,  
 When winds have roused his warriors; like these  
 The world's uncounted evils crowd, and like  
 The ancient stars and waves, for ever live,



In every age the same. The voyager  
 Of life, though safe for him the billows rage ;  
 Though kindly chance, or some superior hand,  
 Hath piloted o'er dangerous ways and through  
 The tempest-stricken night, the trembling helm  
 With valor grasped ; beside him views the shore,  
 The lurking sands, or sea-borne rock bestrewed  
 With piteous wreck ; or on the scowling main  
 Sees some proud bark that yestereve had worn  
 Her snowy plumage gaily spread aloft,  
 And swelling to the breeze, just as the rising sun  
 Hath tipped with gold the mounting waves, while yet  
 The vales are black, torn and faltering now  
 Sees sudden into the fathomless deep  
 Down sinking drop, and o'er her vanished form  
 The gurgling waters close. So runs the tale  
 Of man's uncertain state : his budded fortunes  
 Prospering on the eve, between the twilight grey  
 And morn's returning blush, the flowery stem  
 Is struck with blight. In youth's too easy prime,  
 Hope smiling woos us o'er a summer sea,  
 To blast with storms : or in the pool we sink,  
 Or stranded on some wintry beach decay,

A mark for pity. The course of human life,  
 Since first our mortal heroes bravely strode  
 The wondering earth ; since first the angel's pen  
 Man's virgin story on the scrolls of Time  
 Attentive writ, is still the path we tread,  
 And like the track of glory's crimson car,  
 It leads o'er mangled fields, where he who stays  
 To mourn, may live with sorrow long. Before us !  
 Honor's bright array of plumes and banners !  
 The glittering arms, the sounding strains, the pride  
 And instruments of warring life so fire  
 The soul, we press into the middle strife  
 No knowing what we win, too mad to care.  
 But e'er our days have reached meridian height  
 The painted mist hath fallen. Now the scene  
 Doth figure to the eye a gory plain,  
 Where crushed and weltering hopes, affections,  
 Wrongs and cruel passions, wounded or wounding,  
 Chill the shuddering breast, and teach the heart  
 Life's sadder lesson, best but hard to learn.  
 The man who died to-day I never saw,  
 But still I'll be his brief biographer ;  
 As some may write for me. His life was cut

Right in the middle by an eminence :  
 On this side none but picture-painted skies,  
 On that the gulph those fairy vapors covered,  
 Where he sinking down, gave up his breath.  
 But first his melancholy eyes upturned,  
 To read the road his parting soul should travel ;  
 And, lo, as on a tapestried wall, the shades  
 Of all his years in pale procession stood.  
 And now the night-wind stirs them and they move,  
 Reproachful looking on him as they pass.  
 And whiles behind the gliding shadow peeped  
 Sad household faces or sad voices seemed  
 Speaking remembered words ;—the world apart,  
 His home's small history only figured there  
 The annals of his breast ;—and much he feared,  
 Regretted much and was ashamed to die.  
 So sink our fortunes, so the man doth fall,  
 When running years are out, into the tomb.

O pensive moralist, hither come  
 And mark the time-worn shores of older earth.  
 The graves of men may set the fancy free ;  
 The green turf oft doth touch the secret spring  
 No preacher could, but here be graves of giants,

Spiritual powers, that when in life  
 Their mighty stretching limbs outmeasured rivers,  
 Touched cold and heat, across high mountains lay :  
 Not like to men they served, but their's command ;  
 They ruled a world, ruled all save fate and Heaven.  
 Where yonder slimy river seeks the Pole,  
 Its torrid quarter yet the high sun burns,  
 The burial-place of nations ! all around  
 Cyrene and the Punic power lie  
 Dissolved in sands. She, daughter of the Nile,  
 First plucked young science from the stream of Time,  
 Put him to nurse, and long his manhood served  
 Resplendent in her train : the dingy Copt,  
 Her lotus leaves, her arts, her arms, her gods  
 Are buried near that monumental stone,  
 Whose shadow turns whole provinces to night.  
 O hundred-gated Thebes, thou wondrous dead,  
 Who looks on thee hath seen the fearful tomb  
 Where buried greatness lies. Thy sepulchres, O Fame,  
 Vast as the living princedom of the earth,  
 May teach large thoughts indeed, here Truth appears  
 Of grandest stature to the mental eye  
 That sees her. But, lo, in Asia's early plains

Where Chaldee searching oft his lucid heavens,  
 Knew each revolving change and named the stars,  
 What ghosts of powerful kingdoms stalk !  
 Father of rivers here runs sullen dark,  
 To mind that time the fairest garden smiled,  
 But more, proud stream, rebellious mourns  
 His empires lost. Now toward the setting sun  
 Turn thee to battling Jewry ; there the earth  
 Is strewn with realms, the mortal sons of praise,  
 The world's first martyrs ; there hath Judah's self  
 Long withered too. In that unwholesome lake  
 That swallows Jordan, two bad sinners lie ;  
 Avenging sure the sulphurous flames of God  
 Struck down the great dissemblers, whelmed their  
 sins

In those black waters, shunned by bird and beast.

But leaving half untold, for earth's renown  
 Is with the past and but a remnant lives ;  
 Shine from the shattered fragments of her fame,  
 Her falling virtues, her neglected deeds  
 The flowers of death ; while far away  
 The paling lights in Time's horizon show  
 The prime of honor as of beauty fails :

Tempt now the main, with Chian odors rich  
 And gales from Scio's shore ; this summer night  
 While Venus, star of eve, her hero mourns,  
 Nor minds the dying splendors of his fame,  
 In grief for him ; between Jove loving Crete  
 And isles Sporadic, seek the Myrtle sea,  
 Whose blue waves decked with all the gems of  
     heaven,

Reflect the serene air. Here climb the hill,  
 Whence the red signal fire, the self-same night  
 That Troy was ta'en, to answering lights replied ;  
 And seen by watchman, whom reflective spouse  
 Had set on the top of Agamemnon's house,  
 Bethought the tender slave how his dear chief  
 Returning from the glorious war would come,  
 With yearning breast and wreathed brows in haste  
 To break his heart at home. The mountain path  
 Was strewed with laurels half-way up : thou stand'st  
 On old Arachneus, nigh Saronic gulph ;  
 Behold around thee, with the damp dews wet  
 Of heaven, lie the fair Argive's bleaching bones !  
 From these sad wrecks a lovely mind hath fled ;  
 The lines of beauty's form, the air majestic,

The eloquent tongue more rich than chiming bells,  
 The white-crowned virtues and the prouder muse  
 With thee are fallen too. O best of nations,  
 Fade the rich glories of thy summer thus  
 To live in memory long. As erst did one  
 Sailing by Sunium, through the crystal air  
 See on the temple's front the shining crest,  
 And wept to see, for then his country rushed  
 Full on the captive's heart ; e'en now to me  
 Across Time's ocean, in the failing west,  
 With ages vast, and vaster seas between,  
 Thy silvery honors rise ! Thy noble men,  
 Thy god-like heroes, and renowned deeds,  
 Thy glowing story, thy immortal themes  
 Fill the blue vault of this recording heaven,  
 More thick than stars : and oft in lonely grief,  
 Amid the shade, while with the waning hours  
 Of solemn night the studious oil is spent,  
 And blundering beetle steers athwart the flame,  
 To scare his thoughts, still may thy lover sigh  
 For the sweet soul of human fancy dead.

The wrecks of time, than living forms more fair,  
 In number more, sadden the face of earth

And o'er each silent land pale splendor throw,  
 As glow-worms from their grassy covers shed  
 Sepulchral light. Are gone a thousand years  
 This mouldering fane its cheerful altar had  
 Warm with the fires of worship. The strong right  
     arm

Of bearded priest, above the curly brow  
 The gleaming falchion held, and as he struck  
 The fatal spine, the quivering limbs did fall  
 And down the snow-white steps the purple ran.  
 Those fires quenched, no trembling victim there,  
 The spirit of its life is fled, and now  
 The frame that held this unprofaned soul,  
 Itself is worshipped. The crumbling towers,  
 The moss-paved palace, the broken pinnacles,  
 The urn, the oriel and the wreathed shaft  
 With noble beauty clad, the work supreme  
 Of that fair ancient mind undying yet,  
 These to the wondering eye too sadly tell  
 A ruined world, more blessed than this we tread,  
 Of subtler genius and perfectest art.  
 —Or look within thee, whosoe'er thou be,



That years have worn, through whom the reaper  
Time

Hath swept his sickle ; there dark ruins see  
More sad than these that strew the earth with gloom,  
And nearer. See every soaring spire  
Of pride is fallen ; Hope's airy buildings crushed,  
And all the jewelled chambers of thy soul  
Low in the dust. By night the wanderers come ;  
Forms of th' departed through the dun air moving,  
Show their white dresses to the murky stars,  
While all the day pale Thought sits weeping near,  
Himself a ruin too. The last of things,  
May be love's hearthstones yet are warm—e'en there  
The shivering spirits crouch, to shield the wind  
Or colder damp that settles on thy heart.

So lies the moral world defaced and marred,  
By worse than storms, or damps, or mouldering dews :  
Within, without the mournful relics point,  
To some far age, some old primeval time  
Where human virtues roved unsullied free  
Of taint or weakness, and in mortal breast  
Attempered will and passions all attuned,  
And loyal intellect, and faithful heart,

Left happiness the fabric all complete,  
 Proportioned just, and fair to human eyes,  
 To human wish, the good Creator made.

In days of eld, as ancient seer hath told,  
 When o'er the crescent earth the fresh-eyed Spring  
 First breathed her zephyrs, first the Æolian gales  
 Their measures taught, and to the bird of night  
 Her warbling melodies ; the age unkept  
 By laws was just, and virtue undefiled  
 Lived with our virgin mother then. The air  
 With balmy fragrance filled, and genial warmth,  
 Lay on the happy isles, and silence deep,  
 Save when from out the stirring copse at times  
 Or waving branches of the dark-hued cypress,  
 The Spirit whispered. Perchance the day  
 This firmament shall glow with fervent heat,  
 And Heaven's last fires from the eternal sky  
 Have purged the globe, the Deity avenged  
 Of Time, shall on the new-born earth restore  
 The artless ages : from murmuring grove  
 Or the still vespers of the closing day,  
 His voice again be heard ; to noble minds  
 And pure, awake ethereal thoughts and warm

Th' unsordid breast with Truth's diviner ray.

In highest heaven now the tide of hours is full.

Night's starry robes full spread o'er-canopy

The sleeping nations. Where the sweet South pours

From thousand fragrant woods and perfumed flowers,

Her incense sweet, on Venezuela's shore

Or where the bright Antilles guard the sea,

The mariner, with eye upraised and heart

Adoring, sees in the cloudless, moonless heaven

The ensign of our faith ; and breathing low

Midnight is past, the cross begins to bend,

Kneels to his prayer. How dread a scene of match-  
less

Splendor ! These shining worlds encircling worlds,

Planets and suns ! O, sovereign Power,

For ever thus inspire my breast with awe

To view thy works. Beneath thy mighty arm,

The bold sufficing thought prostrate and humble.

For ever thus strike deep into my soul

The sense of weakness. All my heart unloosed

From the dull vanities of fleeting Time,

Its faculties exalt to feel, obey

The one great God, eternal and supreme :

For I, thy creature, bending low in praise,  
Am small, am naught, nor high aspire nor hope ;  
Content in life's low vales, where not the storms  
May oftentimes reach, but thy glad sun will cheer,  
If virtue guide me true and Heaven approve.



## PART II.



## PART II.

BENEATH thy sacred hours, O night, I pass  
On fortune musing, or considerate fate  
That ne'er to me one wreath of honor flung,  
Or fallen roses on my pathway dropped,  
Nor this too feeble hand high power gave,  
Or golden sceptre, many hearts to sway ;  
But left me, gracious Power, thee I thank,  
Still left me these fair hours mine to rove  
By Truth's great ocean, there good thoughts to cull,  
Shells from the sand and pebbles as I walk,  
And all the vast expanse commanding thence  
See yon sweet argosies with precious freight,  
In the blue ether sailing. Thoughts benign  
The gales may waft me or low voices bring,  
For oft such viewless messengers do come,  
What time the day hath quenched its grosser light,  
By moon-lit beach, or starry wood, or dell  
In lonely mountain, through the thin air come



To breathe into our mortal ears the spell  
 Of their pure wisdom. Shine for ever thus,  
 Ye mourning sisters! Blessed wanderers ye  
 Through airy space, if grief be still your task,  
 Say who of all your sorrowing house beloved  
 Shall mourn for earth, despoiled of golden gifts,  
 Of many a grace, of many a charm bereaved,  
 That in the olden time illumed the path  
 Of happiest mortals. Earthward now no more  
 The pointed foot through yonder fleecy cloud,  
 Light dropping softly, steps the velvet turf  
 In majesty divine; or in the cool  
 Sequestered shade where limpid waters flow,  
 Strays by the setting sun. The pearly wings  
 No more whiles resting here, slow fan the airs,  
 The sleepy airs, or shedding odors round  
 Fill the bent flower-cups with fresher store  
 Of fragrant essence. Gentle Gabriel here  
 No more descends, nor he the silver-winged  
 With clear-eyed honor beaming on his front,  
 Home-parting youth on household errand sent,  
 From Ninus old to Median Rages far  
 Leads with his dog. The shining face no more

Of graceful cherub lights the path of men !  
 And she, the chiefest seraph of them all,  
 Most excellent, most good that habits earth,  
 Plain virtue called, whose followers though few,  
 The thoughtful Abderites accounted mad,  
 As most men living do ; she though heaven-born  
 With all her shrivelled plumes begrimed and soiled,  
 Drags through a thorny world penurious life.  
 Beneath the ragged hut she bides the rain,  
 Or seeks for food, by shivering lieges nursed,  
 As wretched as herself, as kind as true ;  
 Or on her way like wounded soldier goes,  
 Goes halt and limping slow ; for oft in strife,  
 And bruised and bleeding oft, our malice more  
 Than piercing scorn the fainting angel fears.

Long with the sons of earth hath evil dwelt,  
 Nor yet his reign is o'er. Far in the heart  
 Of man the foul destroyer hides, his home  
 His being hath ; where plying oft and long  
 Pernicious arts, the shuddering soul perceives  
 Her strong foundations fail, 'till Reason drunk  
 With fumes the servile passions send, his arm  
 No longer stays, but in the slippery void

The ruined fabric falls. Bold in the ways  
 His slimy road the crouching monster draws,  
 The pure streams poisons and the tide of life  
 To wormwood turns ; or climbs with insolent front,  
 The pillars of the state, and from the height  
 Usurp'd, breathes o'er the fever'd multitude  
 A pestilence. The Power whose hand hath shaped  
 The fortunes of the world, what mortal eye  
 His ways may scan? This truth at least stands clear,  
 Writ on the bleeding annals of the past,  
 Writ even now on many a blighted path  
 Or writhing brow—Pain tracks the steps of guilt,  
 Sure as the constant night doth follow day.  
 The poised bolt may long unspeeding stay ;  
 So long that man, weak-thoughted man derides  
 The danger near. As that fair city stood  
 Beneath the sleeping brow, renowned of old  
 For inward flames, though now for many an age  
 Not quenched, but hid ; so long secure, the tales  
 Of ancient peril fables seemed. One night  
 In Titus' reign, when peaceful Europe lay  
 All black with shade ; ere the hot sun that set  
 Seaward of Spain and shed o'er all the coast

His purple fires,—shed o'er the weeping sands  
 Where since the Moor less cruel than his foe,  
 Sighed out his last farewell to Seville's groves,  
 To Seville's golden-sanded stream that flowed  
 In memory long and gushed in all his tears ;  
 The milk-white walls, the gilded towers high,  
 Of rich Cordova ; (lonely science there  
 Sat by her treasures still, but oftentimes wept  
 Her cheerful comrades gone) Grenada's hills  
 That loved his swarthy race, a sad farewell  
 To cities and to fields, his ancient home  
 His sires' fame ; while tawny children ran  
 Frighted with ill, but nursing in their veins  
 The blood of their proud mothers warm for love,  
 Yet burning fiercer far with hate, bespread  
 Their tiny arms and launched into the air  
 Shrill curses on the King :—ere that round sun  
 Voyaging his course had waked the orisons  
 Of Persia's temple, or the sweet vales lit  
 With love and music rife of fleecy Cashmere,  
 In darkest hour, swift on the startled air of heaven  
 The red light sprang ; crimsoned the rivers far,  
 Tinged the blue glaciers of the North, and o'er

The midland sea where 'neath Ægean Isle,  
 The slumbering crew their lazy barque had moored,  
 The signal hung. Adown the peopled curve  
 The burning ocean swept and e'er the cry  
 Of horror ceased, houses and temples, streets  
 And living crowds were deep engulfed, the morn  
 Ne'er saw again. The God whose arrows breathe  
 Destruction, strikes through the immortal soul  
 At human crime. The day, the hour is sped,  
 The tower of strength is gone, the shelter fails,  
 The dread avenger comes and all is lost.

O Earth despond not, grieving mother thou  
 For all thy children's wrongs. The seeds of ill  
 That Time hath planted, Time itself destroys.  
 But still to thee, fair earth, the seasons fair  
 Return: the virgin snows do mantle still  
 Thy glittering hills: the verdant summer heaps  
 Thy horn of plenty full, and golden day  
 With witching eye still wakes the opening flowers  
 In field and valley sweet, while in the van  
 Is heard the matin hymn of happy creatures.  
 For beauty still is thine, with thee she lives,  
 For thee she shines in all the varying scene;

In herb and tree, in painted wing or voice  
 Melodious ; in the wild forest hung  
 With climbing roses, or the mountain side  
 That catches from the westering light of day  
 His dying tints. From o'er the land or sea  
 No shifting hue but still reflects her form :  
 The light (blessed essence) wheresoe'er he peers,  
 Sees beauty there. Within the caves of sound,  
 Of tuneful sound her richest spirit dwells  
 Unknown ; and Love her sister fair as she  
 Still brooding o'er the heart of man perverse,  
 Doth make the moody smile. O gentle Power  
 Whoe'er thou art, that armed with Iris' bow,  
 Hast sunbeams for thy arrows, and dost give  
 But smiles for wounds ; what magic skill but thine  
 Can bind up brothers' hearts as one, and make  
 Whate'er of weal or wo the human being finds  
 More sweet to soothe him or less sharp to bear?  
 Thou crownest life with rose-buds, but thy charm  
 Works most in ill : for who dark days hath tried,  
 When o'er his house with sunniest fortunes blessed,  
 Sudden gaunt Ruin from his hot cloud glared,  
 Gathered his tattered robe and looked serene

E'er from his bony limb the giant showered  
 Infernal harm ; hath seen thee strong to shield  
 The shattering tempest ; of thy self relume  
 The fires of Hope ; the hurt and doubting cheer,  
 And chase with orient joy the glooms of care.  
 Sweet friend of mine, long may'st thou harbor here !  
 That pitying day, no more thy lamp shall cheer  
 The weary earth, may I too lie in chambers dark,  
 Unmoved by chance or change, insensible to this  
 Warm-colored light, nor miss thy faithful ray.

And still where virtue tracks her lonely path,  
 The lustre of good deeds doth shine afar.  
 As when at night beneath the straw-built thatch,  
 A tiny spark, unconscious of its power,  
 Steals undiscovered on its silent way,  
 And grows apace, till some short moments past  
 The sheeted flames high climbing on the air,  
 Light all the country round ; so nature wills  
 The honest act though far from day retired,  
 In humble walks that finds its humble birth,  
 Itself unknowing, onward yet to grow  
 A living flame, whose brilliant hues shall fill  
 The shadowy corners of the spreading sky,

To warm the hearts of thousands ; and for years,  
 For ages yet to come, the signal true  
 Like to a banner writ with burning words,  
 Shall lead the wandering hosts or wish to lead  
 The righteous way. Some fire of heaven, earth,  
 Doth linger yet to bless thy frigid soil,  
 In bosom planted, where self-thoughted thrift  
 Not yet hath choked the genial glowing spark.  
 Not all thy sons are base, not selfish all ;  
 Or if they be, thy daughters then shall guard  
 The sacred warmth and keep alive the charm  
 Of the world's story. Thee gallant Scot I mark,  
 The blood of Wallace in thy woman's veins,  
 Who late, when winter's gale wild driving stern  
 The angry seas to fury lashed, while shrieks  
 Piercing the midnight gloom like lightning's flash  
 Within the storm's black eye, bespoke how death  
 How cruel death, was busy with his own  
 And threatened thee ; from off thy native Ferns,  
 In storm and darkness when no men were near,  
 Into the murdering surf thy frail boat launched  
 With life upon thine arm. O Peleus' son,  
 Throw down thy withered laurels at her feet ;



Or let the world, good Darling, learn of thee  
How much is virtue worth, how little praise.

Oft when the parting day, at twilight hour  
Its cares, its tumults, and its pleasures ta'en,  
Doth leave sweet peace behind ; the calmer air  
Still as the face of yon secluded lake,  
But moved like that its waving ripples sends  
Of circling sound ; the tide of even song  
From old cathedral, round whose rocky sides  
A city large hath grown, the chaunting choir,  
The plaintive reed, the touching anthem high—  
Pity these wounds, for He hath pitied you,  
Appals the ear, or like a sorrow melts  
The mortal heart for suffering Godhead's pain.  
Thou guardian pile ! hast seen around thee fall  
Princes and sceptres ; once the Lion heart,  
The flower of Arragon, artless Blanche,  
Here put their sorrows by : hast seen this day  
That fairer Rose beneath a fairer heaven  
Bend to the mightier King of Kings. How long  
Hath daily worship won to daily prayer  
The thoughts of men : what ages hast thou kept  
The burning altar unpollute and clear !

In many a land in sheltered nook secure  
By some clear winding stream, or in the vale  
Uplifted in the arms of ancient elms,  
Or branching yew, the grey church tower stands.  
That venerable form the children love,  
As well their fathers loved. The clouds of heaven  
Do to it kindly reverence as they pass :  
The tower-nursed swallow there hath been,  
These many summers, his frail nest to build  
'Gainst mossy shingle or the oaken beam,  
And reared his noble children. There have men  
Of many generations knelt in prayer ;  
And many a full heart still shall eye,  
When fortune lowering, strikes dismay,  
With true affection that unharmed house  
Where all their sorrows die. Still kept of Heav'n,  
It guards the good man's grave, the fresher mound  
But yesterday the weeping mourners reared,  
Then left with sadly bending steps and slow,  
The silent home. Beneath the dewy grass  
Ye friends of mine are laid : there one I loved  
Doth rest, who kind to soothe a brother's grief,  
But little skilled was she to cure her own.

Life did her wrong ; for her the world a blank,  
 Ere long her heart was broken, she had died.  
 But mark how sorrow will her comrade find—  
 Once by her grave, ere yet the day was high  
 I saw a wounded robin, trail its wing  
 In piteous anguish ; fatal blood drops wet  
 Its ruby breast ; then falling on its side  
 Some low notes warbling, breathe its soul away.

O happiness ! thou sometime guest on earth,  
 Why not be here thy home ! for thee the flames  
 On myriad altars burn ; for thee arise  
 The clouds of incense, and from human hearts  
 The ceaseless prayer ascends. But oft, alas !  
 Thy worshippers like Truth's profane and false,  
 Perplexed in wanderings far, or self-abused,  
 Too oft but blindly see or wrongly tread  
 Uncertain ways ; or woo with rites impure  
 Thee to their path, celestial maid beloved  
 Who only deign'st to walk where honor leads  
 With undejected thoughts and reverence due  
 The loyal soul. Thou keep'st the balance fair  
 To give our days, one like the other sweet content.  
 Ah, who may win thee friend or who may wear,

When every sound of ill, thy velvet wings  
Doth sudden stir; with sad reverted look  
Fluttering the while, art in a moment fled  
And seen no more? As weary traveller turns,  
Arrived what time the lengthening shadows fall,  
Up to the toiling brow of some far seeing hill,  
His vision turns, to trace his journey o'er;  
So I escaped the noontide heat, for shorter day  
Becomes the earlier noon, and fleeting years  
And few are mine, in sadness oft return  
To view the barren country of my life,  
Where now for me no smiling landscape paints  
The picture of the past. But few the flowers  
Of fair intent have bloomed; no harvest fills  
The garners of the mind; nor golden fruits  
Nor useful deeds, nor innocence and peace  
Bedeck the scene. But all a wasted heath  
Or scorched by flames the unholy hand hath lit,  
Or torn by tempests wild: where oft I've passed  
The night of pain that follows thriftless day,  
The clouds that swept apace the scowling sky  
My lone companions and their angry gloom  
Stern regent of the soul. That desert long

My erring feet in devious paths betrayed ;  
 Too oft, alas, dejected hours hung  
 Their bane around ; too oft the barbs of ill  
 Struck to the heart their poison, rankling there,  
 And oft myself the foe, with act insane  
 I spread my path with serpents, planted asps  
 To sting my peace with shuddering terrors pale.  
 Not spent with weary labor much, yet glad  
 To look behind, some toil, some perils past,  
 From wisdom's height or with her clearer eye,  
 For oft in lowly mind her power dwells,  
 Chance gathered by the way ; with wonder much  
 I view the insect hopes, the mousing schemes  
 Of blinded men, myself as blind or more.  
 Resolve me, man, why should'st thou prosper well  
 In what the ant hath taught, to fail in that  
 Shall make thee like the gods ? The passing day  
 Is worth to thee who hast eternal days,  
 A higher plan ; not for the part thou liv'st  
 Or should'st, but for the whole, the good, the true.\*  
 Search into thy soul, fond man, the priceless gem

\* Schiller.

So vainly sought without, lies hid within.  
 Ne'er rescued from their native earth, its streams  
 Of golden light, that pouring from their source  
 Might the dark intellect illume and warm  
 The icy-fettered heart to tender joy :  
 Might deck a hateful world in comely charms,  
 And lend the ill-shaped forms of human creatures,  
 The masking robes of lovely qualities ;  
 Give to the genial day more mirthful scenes,  
 The solemn stars more pensive influence,  
 The Sun himself (incarnate of the God  
 We worship,) a still more glorious splendor,  
 And hang upon the diamond crown of night,  
 A silver thread to catch thy thoughts to Heaven.  
 Nor the least boast of magic happiness, bend  
 Eternal justice to the shape of mercy,  
 And rob hereafter of its power to harm.

In some sort be with Nature her familiar :  
 Her cool employments and her passionate moods  
 Companion ; but e'er with diffident eye,  
 And measured tones and looks abashed or awed,  
 Thy good instructress worthy homage pay.  
 With curious eye e'er drinking in the light,

In the pure prism of a cheerful mind,  
Resolve and blend again its primitive hues.  
Watch Nature form her harmonies and tune  
Her sweet accords, and teach thy spirit love  
For all the matchless beauty born of these.  
Remould thy weakness on the giant storm ;  
Imbibe a power from the whirlwind's strength,  
And cherish for a stream of tenderness,  
Of gentlest wisest thought, the silver rill  
Slow murmuring quiet music as it flows.  
Believing all things, cherish most the spell  
Of charmer Fancy ; anchor in thy thoughts,  
Fable and song, and fasten to thy heart  
An ancient poet, as a brother dear.  
The homes of sylvan deities, the grove,  
The mount, the sacred fountain and the stream  
All have a majesty divine, a soul  
That breathes the subtle air with thy own spirit,  
Akin to it in sympathy and love.  
Thyself ethereal, trust existences  
Ethereal too ; impalpable to sense,  
But to the spiritual eye embodied.  
Who doubts thy dear divinity, O Love,

Is a gross sceptic, wandering in the gloom  
 Of cheerless unbelief, a dreary void.  
 The invisible denizens of air  
 Mysterious influence ever shed :  
 Heaven's pure agents, almoners of good  
 Elect, or lingering lovers of the scene,  
 With ties unloosed of friends and kindred here,  
 The affectionate people round us cling,  
 Truest in pain, but smiling with our smiles  
 And joy partaking. How many a wo  
 They stifle, how many a pleasure bless !  
 Ah happy thou and more than wise, whose young  
 Imagination hath kept pure the forms  
 Of early years, and held a cheerful faith,  
 Enshrined within an uncontaminate heart.

Nor miss to be to all thy fellows kind,  
 For know the poor man holds the keys of heaven ;  
 The wretched are disguised Kings on earth,  
 Whose sceptre waits them, when thy want shall come.  
 The nobler spirits that are loved in Heav'n,  
 Seeing the mockery of all human things,  
 Walk forth in humble garb, and oft we meet  
 True ministers of Power, sent to stay



The oppressor's hand or lift fall'n virtue up,  
 Housed in a beggar's rags and wandering with a crutch.  
 Be but thy fortune kind, thou may'st have given  
 Thy master food, or slaked his thirsty lips,  
 Or bound his wounds with balm. These are thy  
                   friends ;

Not of the mould that dust and ashes turn,  
 But such that when the unreal world doth fade,  
 And these fantastic vapors melt away,  
 Shall stand like mountains, that in the early time  
 Showed dots of islands in a sea of mist.  
 Then bind them round thee like a triple mail,  
 And build with grateful hearts thy fortunes up.

O might my unpresuming verse embalm  
 In living fame, as long my heart will hold  
 Thy good example ; thou whose guileless way  
 Pursued with even steps the simple Right.  
 Affections sweet, the world's respect were thine ;  
 More blessed in this that Wisdom loved thee too.  
 Truth like a radiant lamp, for ever shone  
 Around thee, and the quick mind intelligent  
 With surest glance discerned, what Truth can show.  
 As on the lawn I see this silver pine,

By bed of flowering myrtles circled low,  
 From out thy cultured life did Honor clear,  
 With gentler virtues pressed and twining love,  
 Majestic rise. Alas, the youthful tree  
 Before the withered branch may fall; too soon  
 To thee, too soon for others not for thee,  
 The triple dart is raised;—Hernando's isle  
 In tropic sea, where long the tender clime  
 Doth nurse the loving children of the year,  
 Thy pale cheek sought, to woo the gales of health.  
 But who may flee thee, merciless King! e'en there  
 The uplifted arm pursues, and thence returns  
 Amid thy home, amid thy native trees,  
 To strike the blow, where gathered close in fear  
 Are all the hearts he wounds. In these green lanes  
 Oft shall the barberry hang her crimson fruit;  
 The cedar oft his silvered berries tend  
 To dusk November, while the veiled sun  
 Shows on the hazy morn. Here oft again  
 Shall feathery snows in curling eddies play,  
 Wreath the white turban, cap the sheeted hills  
 And blanch the earth with cold; the crocus oft  
 Slow peeping on the air, her comrades lead

To try the stranger land, or early come  
The blue bird, stepping light the softened ground,  
His household set ; and oft from skies afar  
O'er southern seas, to warm the shivering North,  
Shall genial-minded summer come, but thou  
With times or seasons, fruits or flowers gay,  
The violet-tinctured morn or sober eve  
No more return'st ; thy place shall only tell  
How sorrow lives, and in our tempered thoughts  
Thy sad memorial be. For thee of late  
How many tears have fallen—fall will mine.  
Well would I leave the oft distempered light  
Of this world's days, its tumults and its joys ;  
The perilous prize of being leave, the pain,  
The burden and the care of soon decaying life ;  
E'en those dear flowers leave, without a thorn,  
My heart hath reared, to lie in desolate sleep  
Within thy unacquainted house, O Death,  
And unremembered be, save only these  
Should turn their lithe stems drooping o'er my grave,  
Might I with all this bosom purged of ill,  
As thy unburdened spirit humbly trust,  
Like thee have lived, my friend, like thee have died.

As one at eve, by some still river's bank,  
When leaves do stir and folding flowers move  
With balmy summer's breath, shall musing sit  
To watch betimes the waving lilies bend,  
Each to the ripple bend her porcelain cup;  
I harmless wanderer on the thoughtful shore  
Of Time's swift current, not to worship oft  
These graceful virgins of the glassy pool,  
Nor in the vale their little sisters love,  
But more as he who his rude solace finds,  
When the girt warriors of the clouds are forth,  
By ocean's side, on deeper thoughts intent,  
Revere the King of storms, and sad revolve  
Around, above me, wondrous things and strange.  
Along the broad paved road of mortal life I see  
The human myriads crowd. I see their arms  
Eager for conquest pierce each other's side,  
Nor mind the birds of carnage hovering near.  
I hear their shouts and shrill triumphant cries,  
And oft some stricken hero's sorrowful moan;  
And oft the wounded in this fearful press,  
Bleed out their souls down-trodden and abused.

All, all on victory bent, but who may tell  
What pleasing madness their great souls inflames,  
Or what the prize that stirs them? Dull and weak,  
Or crazy more, or less than all the host,  
What harm if I, who simple villein rate  
In yonder mighty horde, by wayside turn  
To wet my parched lips in murmuring brook,  
Or wander farther, or the near hill climb  
To view the sunset on their banners gleam,  
Or see the new moon's silver bow  
Tip all their spears with white. More sweet to me  
The freshening gales that curl the mountain's brow,  
The wild wind's music and the torrent's roar,  
The kindly thought, the wayward hours free  
When Nature smiles on all, and smiles on me ;  
Are these more dear with unapproachful breast,  
Than painted honors, or the gilded palm,  
Or throats with clamor hoarse, or envied fame ;  
Than lusts infuriate or the mortal strife  
Of maddened crowds. Nor idle deem who thus  
From fatal spoils his daring thought abstains.  
Alas, 'tis idlesse all—this laurelled chief,

His brave companions, or the toiling slave  
 Up to the armpits in a sea of wrongs,  
 Shall find they grasp but ashes ; find the food  
 They dearly love, to bitterish wormwood turn  
 In all their mouths. What harm e'en now to think  
 How this unsolid earth shall quake and yield ;  
 How lurking chance in secret ambush hid  
 Shall dart his thirsty javelins in their midst,  
 Or th' inflamed sky her red artillery pour  
 Against this wall of flesh : escaping these  
 Some few short years and in a yawning pit,  
 Shall one, the mighty conqueror, gulph them all.  
 But hark ! my comrades call : his pale horse rides  
 That grisly King ; with fleshless finger points  
 Onward—Onward still I go, but be it mine  
 To reach that serene temple of the wise,  
 High throned afar in regions calm with peace,  
 Beyond the haze and silver lined clouds  
 Of this dim earth ; where evil stands confessed  
 In every purpose good, and the true heart,  
 Trustful of right and patient of its time,  
 Lays down its burden, whose sore weight had press'd

The soul, through all her tedious journey sad.  
 Where Reason's darkling eye, now purged and clear  
 Expands abroad, and feels with keener nerve  
 The trembling waves of light more sensitive,  
 Reveal celestial things, and reads aright,  
 If now the entranced soul may backward turn  
 From good to foul, from Heaven itself to earth,  
 The world's hard riddles and mysterious life.

To memory's eye the joys of youth  
 Like ruins are, by glaring torch-light viewed :  
 But see how age its better pleasure hath,  
 That like the moon on some autumnal eve,  
 Illumes with milder ray the tired path.  
 In the soft light the pale land basking lies ;  
 The earth, as some fair woman couched in death,  
 Is lovely still, her russet glades the while  
 Dry flower stalks and crisped leaves bestrew,  
 O'er which with muffled feet the gentle Time  
 His dreamy way pursues. To pondering thought  
 A tender beauty hath the fading year,  
 The natural season thus hath mellowed so,  
 To touch the heart. Like the sweet planet then,

Large orb'd and rising through the mists of earth,  
 The joys of life when fruitful years are ripe,  
 Serener shine. A silver light doth rest  
 On all things round ; to him who parting soon,  
 Now feels his eye with natural kindness dim,  
 The world at last seems fair. But fairer seems  
 Hope's voice, clear ringing like euphonious bell,  
 From the white bosom of yon lucent cloud  
 That leads him on ; by distance or by awe  
 Subdued, still doth the liquid measure thrill  
 His charmed soul ; yet more the opening sense  
 New realms achieves, the sinking stars grow pale,  
 The verging light appears, the sacred air  
 Is still, for now the spirit feels approaching Heaven.

The dawn uprising from her wedded couch  
 Of love, with rosy blush hath fired the East,  
 And the bold chancicleer with sonorous peal,  
 Doth rouse his sentries far to challenge light.  
 Red signs in yonder dappled sky forewarn  
 The day : me too they warn from dreams away,  
 To hide my friendly lamp ; grateful for much



Of good I have, nor least for thee sweet Poesy,  
Though me no skill hast taught, with sounding shell  
To wake the echoes on the hills of earth,  
Yet oft have soothed thy secret warblings low  
My listening ear ; still oft with inward light  
Have cheered the outer gloom, and newly armed  
Thy faith with hope, hope with patience, turning  
To day's familiar task, as now I turn.

THE END.





